

Streets of Heaven by Crazy_Comet_97

Series: [□ Something Strange In The Neighbourhood □ \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve thought the hardest thing he ever did in his life was let Billy into his already battered heart all those years ago. He soon realizes that this moment, right now, as he watches his daughter's chest barely move up and down, is worse than he'll ever think of comprehending, heart be damned.

Streets of Heaven

Hello God, it's me again. 2:00 a.m., Room 304

Visiting hours are over, time for our bedside tug of war

Steve never thought he would be here ever again in his life.

The last time he was ever near this place was when he was barely 20, watching through the window of a door as nurses and doctors worked to save his boyfriend's life on the night everything went to hell and back again in only a matter of hours.

Now he's almost 30 and instead of watching blood pour out of Billy's thousand wounds from a pane of glass unable to even go in there and try to help, Billy's by his side an arm's length and a gold wedding band away and he's inside the room this time, tucked next to his baby, his little girl as the monitor's glare and shriek back at him in monotone.

This sleeping child between us may not make it through the night

I'm fighting back the tears as she fights for her life

It was her first school camp away, and the first time she'd be away from them and not with family for more than 2 days. Susanna had been so excited and pretty much abandoned them for her friends that were crowded around the bus at the moment of arrival at the school.

Given that several parents were also attending as chauffeurs for the kids, they thought nothing could go wrong. Only in fucking Hawkins, Indiana could everything go to hell.

Billy had been at work when Steve had gotten the phone call from Joyce, beside herself and in tears, hurriedly managing to talk to him before he too, was also frantic, barely able to drive the car to the workshop as he tried to comprehend what happened.

Well, it must be kind of crowded, on the streets of Heaven
So tell me: what do you need her for?

Susanna had almost drowned, on her second day at camp.

Everyone had apparently been playing in the nearby bay of the lake for the afternoon before heading back to the camp for their nightly activity. However, when everyone was rounded up, they couldn't find her and after a frantic search, located her face down floating in the water.

They had taken her to the nearby hospital, still trying to suck water from her unconscious mouth and lungs when Billy and Steve busted their way through to be by their little girl's side, medical protocol and all that shit be damned.

**Don't you know one day she'll be your little girl forever?
But right now I need her so much more**

Steve would never forget what she looked like the moment he laid eyes on her, Billy holding him back via the shoulders from going near her as people rushed around them, the noise all becoming like a hum of a speedway as his heart skipped a beat. She was so blue. Her lips were blue and purple and her eyes and sweetly freckled cheeks that had developed over her early toddler years were pink, bordering on red from most likely trying to save herself.

**She's much too young to be on her own. barely just turned seven
So who will hold her hand when she crosses the streets of
Heaven?**

That was his daughter. His little girl....just lying there. His first daughter, 7 years old, not even close to being a tween or a teen or even a young adult. She was still a baby. His baby.

**Tell me God, do you remember the wishes that she made,
As she blew out the candles on her last birthday cake?**

Steve looked across the room in the present to Billy, watching the blonde as he slept reluctantly so he could take the night shift, clothing still covered in oil and grease stains from several days previous. It wasn't a surprise, however. Neither of them had left her side since the day she'd been brought in. The doctors, fearing that she would have permanent brain damage from how long she'd spent

underwater, had put Susanna in an induced coma to keep her brain working at a slower pace to try and heal itself, if it could.

The odds were slim, but Steve and Billy had hope despite it all and watched over their daughter's every breath as she slept, her baby blonde pigtails now dry and no longer wet though, despite her still shivering from time to time.

It almost reminded Steve of her birthday, which had been a couple months past and how somehow, given their luck, they had been rained out of the park and had to take off home, Susanna's store-bought cake (they may have been hurrying that day) a mess of gloopy icing and soggy crumbs, but oh, how they'd all laughed.

**She wants to ride a pony when she's big enough
She wants to marry her Daddy when she's all grown up**

Susanna had still wished on the cake, however, even though they pretty much threw it out almost immediately afterwards and while she didn't tell them what she'd wished for, they pretty much knew as she'd never not been vocal about what she wanted to do.

She had wanted to go to pony club since she was a baby, as she'd loved horses and Joyce, being her honorary grandmother due to both Steve and Billy's parents being fucking shit at their jobs of being parents, was actually going to surprise her late in the spring with riding lessons at a local farm just outside town, something which looking at it now as they lied her listening to the sound of their daughter's barely functioning heartbeat, was going to break more than just Susanna's heart when it came down to it.

**Well, it must be kind of crowded, on the streets of Heaven
So tell me: what do you need her for?**

They also knew, as she would say when she was praying at night beside her bed, that she would marry her Daddy if her Papa died so he'd never be lonely and that just about did them in several times hearing her little voice say that.

Steve wished one day he'd taken the camcorder out of the garage of his parent's house and recorded her saying it for both his and Billy's

sake. Now it seemed it was too late.

**Don't you know one day she'll be your little girl forever?
But right now I need her so much more**

This shouldn't have happened and a seething rage washes over him for a moment. He'd heard the excuses, had witnessed the apologies. Both of them had, from numerous people. School officials, parents, friends, family. None of which they were accepting of, however.

**She's much too young to be on her own, barely just turned seven
So who will hold her hand when she crosses the streets of
Heaven?**

They should have been watching her as well as the other kids.

Susanna may have been mischievous, just like her fathers before her, but she was not the kind of child to just sneak off on her own or be swallowed up in a crowd. They should have seen her, plain and simple and fuck anyone else who thought otherwise.

**Lord, don't you know she's my angel? You got plenty of your
own
And I know you hold a place for her, but she's already got a
home**

Steve really wants to be angry right now, he wants to throw things, trash this hospital room, scream, twist and shout, but he can't. He won't, not while his daughter's lying here and most likely, will never wake up again. Never say good morning or good night to him or Billy again, or say goodbye when she leaves for school, or yell out Joyce's name when she comes over.

It's enough to break the man down to quiet tears.

**Well I don't know if you're listenin', but praying is all that's left
to do**

So I ask you Lord have mercy, you lost a son once too

He doesn't really know how much praying he's done this last week. He never used to pray, maybe when he was Susanna's age and a little

younger, but he'd rebelled like the devil himself when he'd become a teenager given his parents didn't really give a damn.

He doesn't really believe in God either, but for his daughter's sake, he'd do anything.

**And it must be kind of crowded, on the streets of Heaven
So tell me: what do you need her for?**

He knows that Billy is in the same boat as him, regarding everything. Both don't want to admit that their daughter may not survive this, but both also know that she's on death's door and has been for almost a week now and they don't know how far back they can step from it before it's too late. The doctors did all they could, now it was up to her. But was it truly worth her being alive only to suffer because they wanted her to be so?

**Don't you know one day she'll be your little girl forever?
But right now I need her so much more**

Steve hated questioning his own morals. He'd done when Billy first corralled him, when they fought each other, when they first started going out, when he got injured, when he survived by the skin of his teeth, when they got married, when Max carried and gave birth to Susanna, when they discussed having another baby...he couldn't do that anymore.

He also knew that Billy would be blaming himself for everything, when it came down to another point in this. The man was convinced he was just a bad omen, as his life in California had been bad, but until he'd met and married Steve, it was downright awful.

He just didn't know what to do.

**Lord, I know once you've made up your mind, there's no use in
beggin'
So if you take her with you today, will you make sure she looks
both ways?**

Tearfully and against his better judgement with his eyes on Billy after a long while as the sun started rising outside and casting bright spots

of light within the room, Steve lent down to his daughter's ear after kissing her on her cold forehead, his breath so warm against her skin it turned her ear a bright shade of rose as he whispered.

"Hey doll, it's your Daddy. I'm so sorry this happened to you. Me and Papa love you so, so much and we always will. You're the most beautiful and best thing that me and Papa ever got in our whole lives and that's saying a lot 'cause like you say, we're really old."

He left out a tearful, quiet laugh to himself before he continued. "Listen, baby doll, Papa and I, are so freaking proud of you, okay? You've been so brave and you've done so well this far, fighting for us. We could not be anymore proud, but...Daddy and Papa know you're tired. We don't wanna say that as when you were really little, you hated being tired, but we know."

And would you hold her hand when she crosses the streets of Heaven?

He put a hand against her chest as he watched the air escape her mouth where her ventilation tube was placed, feeling the movement with his skin almost like the first day she ever existed on the Earth. "If you wanna keep going baby doll, you keep going, but if you wanna stop and leave us, that's okay too. Me and Papa will be alright. Pinky promise."

The streets...of Heaven...

Sitting back as the rays of sun started to become bigger and bigger, Steve just watched and waited, hoping for the one thing Hawkins, Indiana couldn't really do. A miracle.